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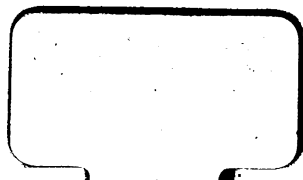
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1. Poetry (America).



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Hanrahan

NBI



# Aroun' the Boreens

*A Little Book of Celtic Verse by*

✓  
X

**AGNES I. HANRAHAN**

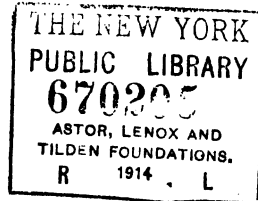


**RICHARD G. BADGER**  
**THE GORHAM PRESS**  
**BOSTON**

*RM*

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19.85



## **AROUN' THE BOREENS**



## ROSIES

There's a Rosie Show in Derry,  
An' a Rosie Show in Down;  
An' 'tis like there's wan I'm thinkin'  
'Ill be held in Randalstown.  
But if I had the choosin'  
Av a rosie prize the day,  
'Twould be a pink wee rosie  
Like he plucked whin rakin' hay.  
Yon pink wee rosie in my hair—  
He fixt it troth—an' kissed it there!  
White gulls wor wheelin' roun' the sky,  
Down by—down by.

Ay, there's rosies sure in Derry,  
An' there's famous wans in Down;  
Och there's rosies all a hawkin'  
Through the heart av London town!  
But if I had the liftin'  
Or the buyin' av a few,  
I'd choose jist pink wee rosies  
That's all drenchin' wid the dew—  
Yon pink wee rosies wid the tears!  
Och wet, wet tears!—ay, troth 'tis years  
Since we kep' rakin' in the hay  
Thon day—thon day!

## HER CHERRY-TREE ABLOOM

I mind the jauntin'-cars a jinglin'  
Down the hill by Bracknaburn;  
I mind the jauntin'-cars a joltin'  
Roun' the ruts by Davy's Turn;  
But troth a little cart a drivin'  
Past a cherry-tree ablow—  
Ay, thon's the noiseless wheels I'm hearin'  
When the peat burns low!

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But och! no little cart's a hidin'  
Where we kissed for cherry-bloom!—  
Sure 'tis but drifts av snow that's drivin'  
Roun' my lone, wee room!

## MAUREEN

Ay, yonder the thrushes is pipin' now,  
    'Way up the wee boreen;  
But maybe 'tis lonesome enough they'll look  
    Waitin' on my Maureen!  
An' rosies is climbin' roun' hedges the day,  
An' peepin' down by, for to smell the new hay:  
Och but sure the wee child does be far away—  
    Maureen—Maureen!

An' down in the glen they're whistlin' a tune—  
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But sad is yon grass that grows on a grave—  
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1907 1908  
1909 1910  
1911 1912

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May 1968  
1968  
1968

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THEY WERE  
ALREADY  
VICTORY

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    Maureen—Maureen!

## MRS. McHUGH

He wrought in the field through the length av the  
day,  
A tossin', an' lappin', an' ruckin' his hay;  
Wid never a care but a meadow to mow,—  
Or maybe wee crops in the Spring for to sow;  
Ay, but Molly Carew  
Wid a ribbon av blue  
Come a slippin' down by on a ledge!

A strokin' wee heifers he strolled to the lane,  
Jist whistlin', an' liltin', nor seein' soft rain;  
An' never a thought but the trip av her feet—  
Or the twist av thorn-fence where maybe they'd  
meet!—

But sure Molly Carew,  
Wid wee Martin McHugh  
Come a whisperin' roun' by the hedge!

Ay, down in his field, an' hedges ablow—  
Wee trailin' white trains an' they glintin' like  
snow—  
He'd sorra a thought but the bride he'd have wed!  
Thon wisp av blue silk—or the words he'd have  
said!—

Och but Mrs. McHugh,—  
Troth she never jist knew!—  
An' him trimmin' the twist av a hedge!



## CHILDLESS

When bewhiles there's the soft-fallin' show'rs,  
An' the sun all ashine,  
Sure 'tis maybe wee dream-childers' tears  
Jist for daisies to twine!

670205

## THE ROAD TO CURRASHEEN

There's a lonesome, rugged road,  
An' it leads to Currasheen;  
Brown bogs lies close along it,  
An' there's ne'er a patch av green.  
But och the sun kep' smilin',  
On the way to Currasheen;  
An' ev'ry bog was beamin'  
Wid the love av my Paudeen!

Bewhiles when I be thinkin'  
Av thon road to Currasheen,  
The Goolden Gates come nearer,  
An' I seems to see Paudeen!—  
Tho' there's star-ways all through Heav'n  
Lightin' smooth wee paths between,  
We'll search in troth for lone bogs  
Like what led to Currasheen!

## PINK DAISIES

A couple av childer played out in a field,  
A blowin' wee clocks for the hours;  
They chased a white butterfly roun' the may-bloom;  
They gather'd the buttercup flow'rs!—

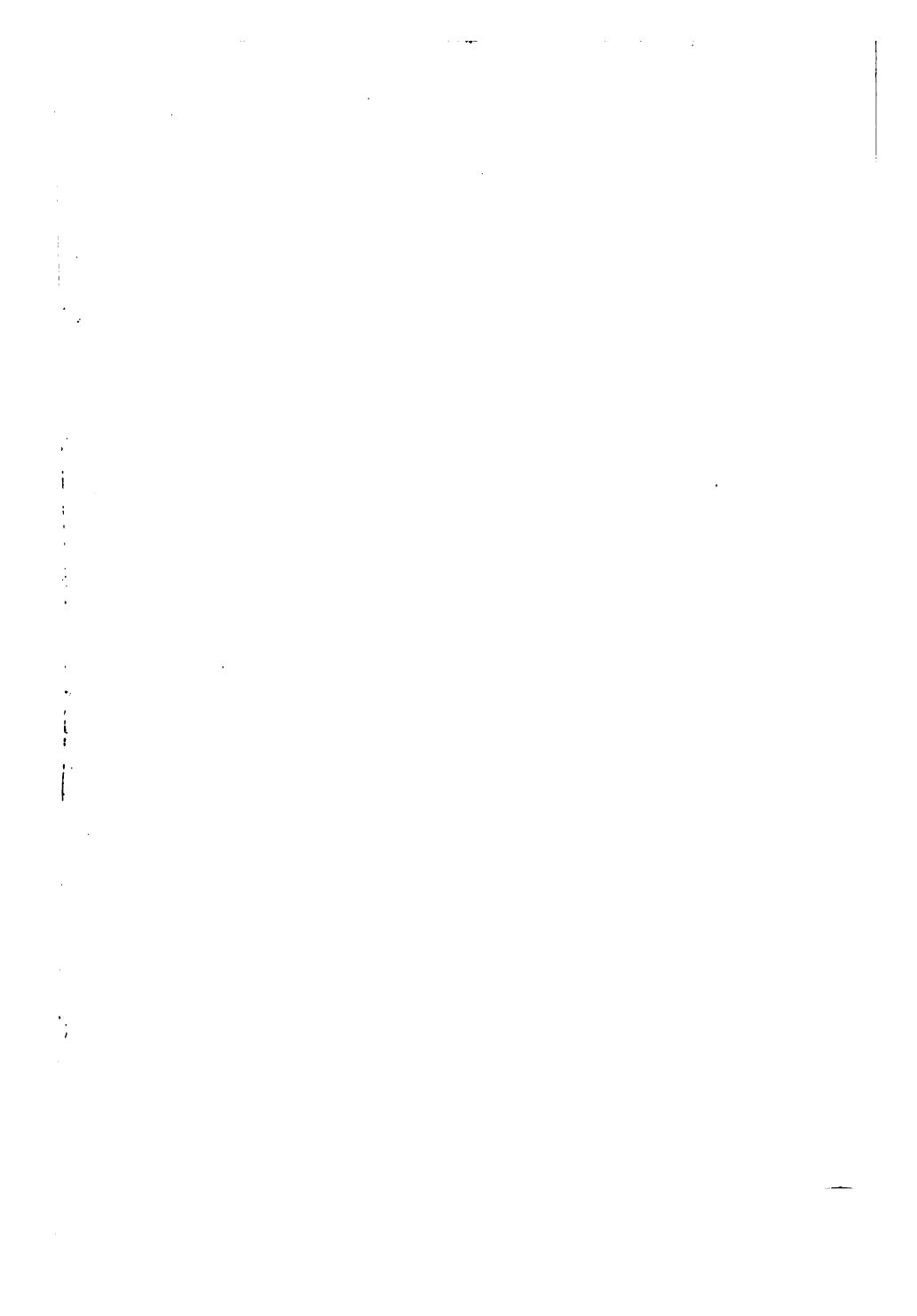
But when they made a daisy-chain,  
My eyes wor mistin', tears, like rain:  
Och! years had dimmed thon patch av green!—  
'Twas wee broke chains—pink chains I seen,  
As I tramped along the lane;  
Ay, an' trudged the lone boreen!—

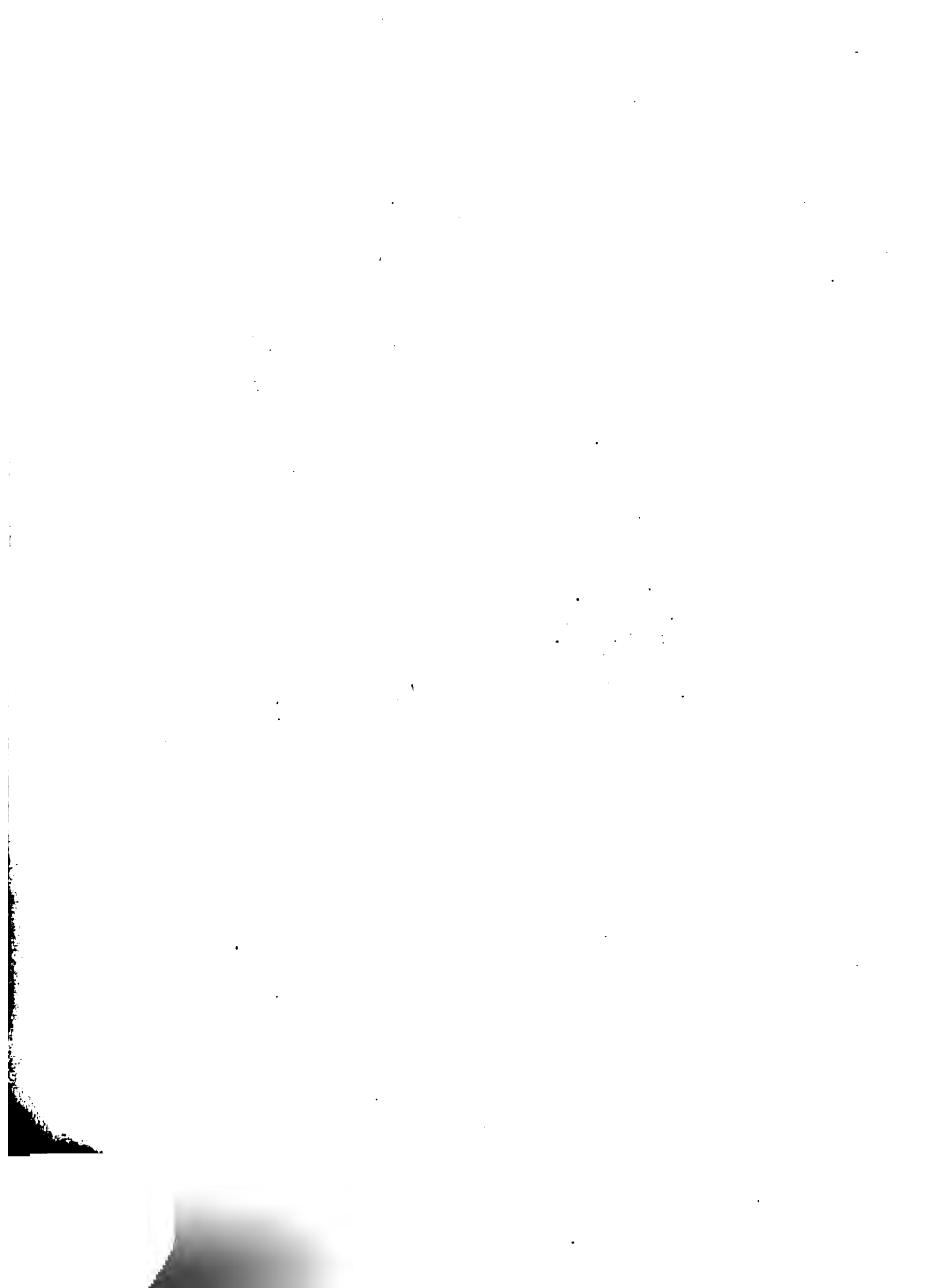
## THE CHILD-BRIDE

Tread lightly in the lane-way,  
A little bride's asleep—  
Last night along the shadows  
We heard the Banshee creep!

O from each little feather'd coat  
There trills a birdeen's wakening note!  
The may's new blooms decked out in white  
Tip-toed on branches down the night!

Love lingers in the lane-way—  
O, wooing thrush-mate's song!  
Love laughs among the may-blooms;  
The child-bride's sleep is long \* \* \* —





J.H.

